was good, because he usually turned his phone on at 11 A.M. In fact, Butch left his phone on overnight so he'd hear the bailiff when he called to serve him, then he got so drunk he slept through the call anyway. He marched over to PORC, got the FREE LUNCH, and did the usual PORC things.

He loitered on the sidewalk with bums and mad people, complained when the dining room opened late (as usual), got the FREE LUNCH. It wasn't enough, so he supplemented it with a grilled cheese from the greasy spoon across the street. Still, no bailiff, so he flipped open his cell-phone and thoughtlessly dialed the first number he saw. It was the bailiff's.

The bailiff said he'd called at 9 in the morning. Where was Butch? Butch figured he'd tricked the bailiff, by leaving the phone on after he said he was turning it off. He didn't realize he'd have the number right there, if he'd phoned. Ah!

The bailiff said he'd try again, after he spoke to the worker about changing the date. Butch immediately wanted to know what he meant. They obviously had an agenda.

He hung up and returned to PORC, to ask his ambulance chaser to write the bailiff, and demand an explanation. He quoted Euripides, The American Declaration of Independence, and Martin Luther King's "Letter from Birmingham Jail."

That evening he recounted the day's events to Johnny. Johnny suggested that he ask the ambulance chaser to have the papers forwarded to her. Butch was concerned that he wouldn't get enough time to scrutinize them, but Johnny said the chaser could probably get him more time, too. Butch should set the agenda, himself.

Johnny met him the next morning on the street in front of PORC. Butch explained. He'd slept in, and missed his ambulance chaser. Johnny told him to call her at her office. Butch explained. His phone was dead. He didn't like to leave it plugged in, in case it started a fire.

Johnny knew that the total number of fires started by cell-phones was zero, but he said nothing. He didn't want to trigger another episode.

Butch reminded him sagely, quoting Koffee A. Anan, better safe than sorry. Hadn't the fire at TWIN TOWERS been caused by bad wiring? Johnny noted that this was the first time Butch conceded it was an electrical fire. He'd always insisted it was Max the Butcher, smoking marijuana in bed with Trixie Sane. Johnny showed him burn-marks beside the light fixtures, but Butch hated Max.

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They hated Children's Aid. Children's Aid stayed up all night plotting to steal Thing Street children. Then they stole their parents rights. Before anybody knew grew up and got all the rights themselves. They knew what was what. They didn't want to see Thing Street parents.

Carlotta was always hanging out at the GODWILL down Thing Street. A celebrated CASE. She made the SUPPER HOUR NEWS. She lost her kids to Children's Aid, who lost them to a couple of crackheads on the corner. Johnny ran into the crackheads occasionally, at the PERSIAN's. He never saw Frick and Frack. The PERSIAN said they came into his store to get warm. He gave Frick a pair of gloves. Frack needed a winter coat. They caught cold, and died in a freak snow storm.

Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre got involved. She turned the incident into an advertisment for $CAMH and Hearse Homes Glowball. If only there'd been a room for her in Emile